

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1903

No. 3



A Typical Country Village in Cuba

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1903"

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Home Mission Echoes

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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All monies and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



INHERITED
THE
GOOSE QUILL

BUT
BEQUEATHS
TO ITS
SUCCESSOR

THE IMPROVED
Remington
Typewriter
A MARVEL OF
MECHANICAL
ACHIEVEMENT

**BOSTON
OFFICE:**

**81 Franklin
Street**

Alaska

A CAREFUL examination of the treasurer's books shows that at present but two hundred and fifty-three Sunday schools have contributed to the Alaska Mission. But one month more and our fiscal year will close. We are anxious that the number of contributing schools shall greatly exceed the number of last year. Has your Sunday school made its offering? If not, consult with your superintendent as soon as possible concerning the matter. If he has failed to receive our annual letter, or has misplaced it, please send to the Rooms for another. We ought to make a gain of at least twenty-five schools over last year. Last year three hundred and twenty-three schools contributed. Shall we hear from one hundred schools in the next five weeks?

Mrs. JAMES McWHINNIE.

THE Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society has received a cordial invitation to hold its twenty-fifth annual meeting with the Dudley Street Baptist Church, Boston. We are grateful for this hearty action of the women of Dudley Street. We look forward to a large and enthusiastic meeting.

WE would again request the sisters of our churches to send for literature to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston. Mrs. Reynolds is necessarily away from the office attending meetings, and requests coming to her are often delayed.

WE have given many selections from letters of our Western workers this month. We believe the need of our treasury will be best seen by laying before our readers the actual condition of our schools and mission fields.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Truwayson.*

Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1903

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The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

WITH the first of April, the fiscal year of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society closes. To State, Association, and Circle treasurers we send an urgent plea to immediately secure all pledged gifts from the women of the churches. Will you also see that all uninterested ones are visited by some one and given the privilege of helping in our Home Mission work? Remember we are now upon the "Home Stretch." Very much depends upon earnest, honest effort during the remaining two months. The only hope of closing the year without debt is for each circle to raise its apportionment. Many circles are observing the twenty-fifth anniversary of our Society by a special meeting with a silver offering. We hope for enlarged gifts during this fiscal year.

SEVERAL letters have come to the Secretary's desk from different portions of North America begging for help in supporting teachers. In Old and New Mexico, in the South and in Porto Rico, our faithful workers tell of the white harvest fields. What shall the Board say to these appeals?

IT may be pleasing to friends of our work to know that the offering at our twenty-fifth anniversary was \$60. The Everett circle sent a dainty silk bag containing \$25 in new silver pieces. We have also received from individuals, \$250. These gifts are a great boon to our work, and they will help us decide some perplexing questions concerning new work. If they could be largely increased we would find that we could make an advance in every department of work.

AS this paper goes to press the sad intelligence comes to us from Beaufort, S. C., that Mrs. R. C. Mather passed peacefully away, Feb. 11, 1903. She has been ill for a number of weeks, and her death was not unexpected. A more extended notice of Mrs. Mather's life and work will be given in April ECHOES.

THE celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society was an occasion of great pleasure and profit. The Warren Avenue Church was filled both afternoon and evening with a large and appreciative audience. The greetings of sister societies were brought to the meeting by Mrs. I. M. Kneeland, for the Presbyterians, Mrs. J. M. Leonard, for the Methodists, Mrs. W. H. Blodgett, for the Congregationalists, and Mrs. H. G. Safford, for the Woman's Baptist Foreign Mission Society. These addresses were strong and helpful. Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. McWhinnie, and Mrs. Reynolds spoke of the past and present aspects of our work. A delightful reception was held from five to seven in the evening. The officers of the Society and the remaining three charter members formed the receiving party. In the evening, Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, gave a thoughtful address upon woman's work, and Rev. J. A. Francis, pastor of the Clarendon St. Baptist Church, followed with a strong and spiritual talk, a fitting address to close the day.

To the committee, the orchestra, the singers, and the hospitable people of the Warren Avenue Church we extend our thanks for their part in the success of this meeting.

"What Can I Spare?"

"What can I spare?" we say:

"Ah, this and this,

From mine array

I am not like to miss:

"And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf"—
And yet one reads, our Father gave His Son,
Our Master gave Himself.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

Bits of Interest

THE call comes from Coleman Academy, Gibsland, La., for barrels of clothing and bedding, as there are many poor students in need of such articles. Are there not circles ready to meet this demand at once? He gives twice who gives quickly.

OF the school in Mexico City, Mrs. W. E. Grisham writes: "We opened school January 2d, intending to limit the number of pupils to eighty-five, but we now have ninety-seven, and have turned enough away to fill another department. They came from three-year-olds up and asked admittance, but I had to say 'No room.' One woman said, 'I will bring chairs for my children.' I said, 'No room to place the chairs,' but she begged 'just my two' until I yielded, as I did in several other instances, and so have twelve more than I intended, and a waiting list of about twelve who will enter the first vacancy."

FRIENDS are again reminded *not* to send girls' or women's jackets or waists to the Indians, for they cannot be made to fit. They are much needed in the South.

THE superstitions of the Navajos are appalling. Witchcraft exists to a great degree. If a leading Navajo die, some one is accused of shooting a bead, a piece of charcoal or stone in to the heart. The accused has no chance of life; he is shot or burned, or destroyed in some way.

ONE of the discouraging features of the work at the Wichita Baptist Mission, Anadarko, O. T., arises from the presence of the Ghost Dancers in an out-of-the-way cañon not far from the mission. Many of the more intelligent Indians, who know the foolishness of such performances, are known to attend Christian meeting Sunday forenoon, and then hasten to the Ghost Dancers' tepee for the afternoon. It is almost as hard as separating bone from marrow to part the Indian from his customs. The missionaries need your prayers to help them to keep up heart.

WE Christians are often heard to say when sorrow comes into our lives that for a time we were "unreconciled." This is the way one poor Kiowa woman in her simple-hearted way put it. "I lost my baby about three months ago; not long ago my son died, but I do not hate God for taking them. I know they are with Jesus. I am sorry to lose them, but I do not feel angry in my heart." Do not our fine phrases which we use so freely conceal the truth even from our own hearts? Which is nearer right?

MRS. Hicks writes us that when the thank-offering was made at Elk Creek Mission, every Indian, even the babies, gave something, and it was so joyful a time, that even the Christmas tree was forgotten.

AT Rainy Mt. Mission the thank-offering pledges for 1903 amount to \$305.65. Each one who gave told his reason for thanks, while one poor boy, as he gave his dollar, gave himself, saying that he was going to follow the dollar.

THE Kiowa Indians at this Mission were told to go alone to Jesus, and ask Him how much they each should give to carry the gospel to the Navajos and Hopis. Last year their gifts amounted to \$190, and, following this plan, the coming year will show no shortage. Would our mission and church treasuries be so empty if we followed the Indian's method of going to Jesus alone for instructions? There have been baptisms at this mission for five Sundays, nine having been buried with Christ, to rise in newness of life.

WHAT an interesting sight must have been the little Choctaw boys and girls at Atoka, Indian Territory, some of whom had never seen a Christmas tree, busying their tiny fingers for weeks in making gifts for each other or decorations for the tree. Many of these children learned truly that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

How To Give

THREE resolutions were adopted at a missionary meeting in one of the colored churches in Alabama:

Resolved, That we will give something.

Resolved, That we will give according to our ability.

Resolved, That we will give willingly.

After the resolutions were read and approved and passed, a leading member took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, and put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich—almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small bill. "Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat, much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a larger bill upon the table, saying, "Dar, take dat." It was a twenty-dollar green-back, but it was given with so much ill-temper, that the chairman answered, "No, sah; dat won't do! Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolutions, but not 'cordin' to de third." He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, and, with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table. "Dar, dat berry well," said the presiding member; "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to all de resolutions."

—Selected.

OUR home mission work is making missionaries. An example is the history of twelve Slavic missionaries at work in the United States, only two of whom were converted in their native country. The other ten were brought to Christ in United States missions, and sent forth to work among their countrymen in America.

Two Gray Hills Mission, Fruitland, N. M.

I WANT to tell you about Christmas among the Navajos. Until Monday before Christmas we were much concerned about what we should do for the Indians. Several boxes had arrived, but all contained clothing and sewing materials. The clothing we couldn't distribute evenly, and many would get garments who did not need them. I want the clothing for the needy ones. The sewing materials for sewing meetings. Some Christmas boxes were on the way, but none had arrived.

On Saturday before Christmas Miss Newell came. She brought with her four dozen bandannas, seven dolls, five balls, and \$5.45 from the Albuquerque church. On Monday a box came from Cambridge, Mass., containing twenty-five dolls, one dozen little bags containing scissors, needles, and thread, and ninety bags of candy. This was a splendid beginning, so we began adding to this. We removed the scissors from the bags (for all must be alike) and made sixty-five more, putting in needles and thread. These were presents for the women. We had one dozen cloth picture-books for juniors at Livermore, but as these were not enough for all the children, we shall give them out during the year. I exchanged enough calico at the store to get two dozen bandannas (a bundle has come since by mail). We bought four dollars' worth of candy and made and filled 110 more bags. We put an apple and popcorn in each sack. I cut seventy-five little shirts out of outing flannel for the children. We baked 850 biscuits. Mr. Wright went to the mountains and got a lovely cedar-tree.

On Christmas Eve the Indians began to come. We were not prepared to feed one hundred hungry Indians that night, so Mr. Wetherill gave them a quarter of beef, besides sugar, flour, and coffee, and the same at breakfast-time. The problem of giving so many a place to sleep that night was not an easy one. I told them that all the women and children could sleep in the Indian room, and the men in the hogan Mr. Wetherill has for campers. The Indian room was so packed that we couldn't walk through without stepping on Indians. At last all became quiet in the Indian room and we supposed they had gone to sleep. We were in the kitchen filling candy bags and Mr. Wetherill was helping us. He asked us if we had ever seen the Navajos dance the Ya' ba chi. All at once the stillness of the night was broken by sound proceeding from the front of the house. My first impression was that all the children were crying at once. We rushed to the Indian room, but it was deserted except for some sleeping infants. But in front of the house a great campfire was burning. Around this many Indian men were standing and in the shadows six men were dancing the Ya' ba chi. I shall never forget that picture. It seems to me, yet, a horrid dream. Those dark figures dancing in the firelight with their unearthly screeches seemed like evil spirits personified. Every Indian spectator was gazing intently at the scene; their whole soul seemed to be enthused with the performance. To them it is a religious ceremony. They never dance it except in behalf of a sick one. Mr. Wetherill was not at all well and they danced for him. It seemed so dreadful to witness such a

scene on the eve of the birth of our Saviour who came to shed light into the dark lives of this world. I was so grieved I could scarcely keep back the tears. Miss Newell says, "Oh, Mrs. Wright, do not feel so; they do not know." But my heart cried out, "O Lord, how long, how long, before these dark souls shall walk in the light?" The dance was kept up till after ten o'clock. At last the noise woke Helena. Little Captain heard her crying and said they must stop, that it was no good to wake the children. The Indians love Helena and Clara. We got up bright and early Christmas morning, and soon had three tubs of beef stew cooking. We put in rice and hominy. Two Indian women ground the coffee and Miss Newell decorated the tree. About noon we began to serve the dinner. There were two hundred Indians to serve. How I wish I had a picture of that scene, that motley array of bright-colored blankets, half-naked babies, and the happiness in each face at the prospect of getting as much as they could eat. At last dinner was over and we went to the schoolhouse. The room was darkened and the candles lighted. The tree looked beautiful. It was decorated with candles, dolls, popcorn, etc. All that could possibly crowd into the room, sat on the floor. Miss Newell sang "The Shepherd Kind and True." She has such a sweet voice and all were so quiet and listened so intently. Then Mr. Wright read to them from Luke ii.—the story of the birth of Christ. We had a picture of the Christ-child on a Bible roll. Mr. Wright talked to them nearly an hour about Jesus. He told them that the gifts that had been sent for them were given to them by people who love Jesus and because they want the Indians to know Jesus. All gave good attention. There were very few strangers, nearly all having been at church services from time to time. Then came the distribution of presents. Each family received a doll. The big girls were as eager for them as the little ones. Each child received an outing flannel shirt, each man a bandanna handkerchief, and each woman a little bag with needles and thread. All received candy. Quite a number of men who had mothers-in-law in the room had to stay outside, for they would surely go blind if they looked at their mothers-in-law.

We thank all the kind friends who have so generously remembered the missionaries and family, and the good boxes of clothing and sewing materials will afford gifts for several months to come for needy ones. We trust the Indians have been made better and drawn nearer the Saviour who died for them. EDITH R. WRIGHT.

Only

ONLY a seed! but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft in a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom covered its top.

Only a thought! but the work it wrought
Can never by tongue or pen be taught.
For it ran thro' a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold.

Only a word! but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul entered through "the Door."

—Standard.

Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, O. T.



NOT long since, Robert Assim, our interpreter, was in Washington with Brother Lone Wolf. Since his return he received a letter from Mr. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Department, asking him "if he could not do something to stop the young men (returned students) from eating mescal." (Now Robert liked mescal much as any of them.)

Tuesday Robert came and asked for Mr. Hicks. I told him Mr. Hicks would not be home until six o'clock. Then he wanted a letter written to the commissioner in answer to Mr. Jones's letter which he had received a month ago. He said, "I would have written sooner, but I wanted to see and understand some things before I wrote him. I have been to Anadarko. I went to Agent Randlett's office. He asked me what he could do for me. I told him nothing, I just want to look around and watch your Indian helpers, I stay a long time, then go out. That evening I went to the saloons in Anadarko. I wanted to see if the Indians went to these places. There were Indians, lots of them, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, drinking whiskey and gambling. I saw, the agent's helpers, young educated Indians, in the saloons drinking and gambling; I never drink or gamble myself. I only want to see. Next morning I went back to the agent's office. He asked me what he could do for me. I told him nothing, I only want to see your boys how they work this morning. Last night I saw all of them in saloons drinking and gambling, I want to see if they can work to-day.

"Now I am ready to write to Mr. Jones. I want to see first, now I understand. I know what to say to him.

"I am going to tell him, yes, the young Indians, some old ones, too, eat mescal. Maybe no good road, but you take away the saloons and gambling and we will give up mescal."

Then he said to me, "What do you think of the whiskey and gambling?" I told him it is a very bad road. These roads whiskey and gambling are the same. The devil wants all he can get to go in that way. "When the end comes, they will find themselves where the rich man did. I think the Indians feel the government is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Robert says, "I am going to tell commissioner, you take away whiskey from all these towns, Lawton, Hobart, Anadarko, Fort Cobb. Take all away and save, Indians, no take away in little while all will be killed and in jail. A week ago a Wichita was killed. They all drunk.

"I tell commissioner, yes, I obey you, I give up mescal, and I help you all I can by talking to others and living right myself.

"I shall cut my hair, too, to show you I mean what I say. I send one plait to you, to keep in the office, and one to Mr. Rairden, D. D. But one thing you must do, *kill the saloons*. Saloons and gambling is worse than our Indian road."

Robert came Wednesday after the meeting and asked Mr. Hicks to cut his hair, which he did gladly, I assure you. Those long braids, worn since he came from school eleven

years ago, were sacrificed to his better judgment. The improvement in his appearance is wonderful.

The Kiowa women have taken another step in advance. Mrs. Lone Wolf and ten others have asked for jackets to wear. They say coat warm, maybe no cold, no cough. We heap like coat. All the children have nice warm wraps.

MRS. G. W. HICKS.

The Baptism of Two Kiowa Girls

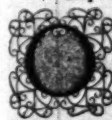
BILLY SUMTA is a Kiowa who lives fifteen miles down the Washita River. He and his wife and oldest daughter are members of the church. Not many days ago he drove up to the mission with his family to talk with me about the baptism of two younger girls. He said: "Rose and Fannie heap like the Jesus Road, maybe so like to be baptized. I do not know. What you think?" I said: "Next Jesus Day you and Rose and Fannie come to Jesus House. Jesus people hear them talk how Jesus make good heart. Maybe so good, go in Jesus Road. Heart no good, no go Jesus Road." He said, "Yes, that is good." One of these girls is in school, and is a bright little child. The other has been to school a little, but is nearly blind, and is not attending now. The youngest was very anxious to be baptized at one of our camp-meetings, but was thought to be too young by her parents.

The family pitched tent on Saturday near the church, brought the schoolgirl down that evening. Sunday was a beautiful day, and, at the beginning of the afternoon service, the congregation, standing and singing a Kiowa hymn, these girls came forward and gave the pastor their hand, and sat down in chairs facing the people. Was not that a brave thing to do for Jesus and their salvation? Their words were, "That they were poor sinners, but Jesus had come into their hearts, and now they loved Him, and wished to walk in His road." The Christians heard these words and knew they were good words. Then one of the sisters made a motion and a brother seconded the motion, all in Kiowa. Then the Christians held up their hands, many with such happy faces. Then I told the girls that the church wished them to be baptized. When the meeting closed we all hitched up our horses and went to Deacon Big Tree's crossing on Rainy Mt. Creek, where I have baptized more than one hundred Kiowas. We go into the water at the crossing, and then up the stream about twenty feet where the water is deep. High banks on both sides of the stream on which the bushes and trees grow. These candidates are dressed in bright Kiowa clothing; over their shoulders hang beautiful red and white shawls; their black braided hair hangs down their backs. Amid the singing of Kiowa they calmly walk out into the stream (the fear of water is unknown to a Kiowa). Backward they bow into the watery grave, and up they come to follow in the road of a new life. How beautifully the Saviour's death and resurrection are seen in this ordinance. How good that Jesus said, hinder not the children, but let them come unto Me. My dear ones who hear this letter, have you come to Jesus, and have you put your feet in His way? Oh, come, give yourself, your time, your money, to help Jesus in His work. Your missionary,

Mountain View, O. T.

HOWARD H. CLOUSE.

Baptist Chinese Mission, Fresno, Cal.



OUR readers will be interested to hear more of the dear blind woman of whom I wrote last summer. She was married in November to one of our Christian men. He met her last summer when he visited San Francisco, and was pleased with her. Although she could not see him, she listened to his voice and was pleased. I think they were drawn toward each other because each had heard that the other was a true Christian. The man, Tong Fook, hesitated some time, fearing he would not be able to care well for her, scarcely daring to believe her capable of helping herself. Later he said that her soul was so full of light he had rather have her for a wife than a woman with sight whose soul was in the darkness of heathenism. When all was ready, the little home of three rooms arranged, I wrote for her. Her room-mate was sent with her for company, and I met them at the train.

A few of our church ladies helped me, and we made quite a wedding for them in our school-room. The room was prettily decorated with flowers and green. Both bride and groom dressed in American clothes. The pastor and groom entered from the back room while I took the bride in from the back hall. Little Joy, dressed in white, and Choy Lin, a little girl of eight, beautifully dressed in Chinese clothes, led the way for us. Both parties understood English and there was no hitch anywhere. They looked very happy. There were sixty guests, white and Chinese. After congratulations, ice-cream and cake were served. There were several handsome presents. About ten o'clock the people went home and Mr. and Mrs. Tong Fook went to their new home one block from the mission. Since then she has read in our meetings and often leads us in prayer. Yesterday she united with Baptist church and expects to be baptized next Sunday. She has been an earnest Christian in Presbyterian church for years, but never heard of Bible baptism till she came here. She has read for herself and knows she has never been baptized. She keeps her little home very clean and has cut and made some garments since her marriage. Mr. Tong Fook has been heard to say if he had known she was so nice he would have married her three years ago. It seems good to me to have a Christian Chinese woman connected with our work here, even if she is blind. Let us hope that this marriage will be for God's glory.

S. E. STEIN.

THREE or four weeks ago we were quite happy over a prospective wedding. To-day we are mourning her unhappy lot. The bride was a sweet little servant girl, brought over from China some seven or eight years ago by her mistress, a very kind-hearted lady (with little feet) who has treated this girl like a daughter. A lady from San Francisco, hearing of this girl, comes and asks for her for a wife for her son. The amount to be paid for her being agreed upon (\$350), consent is given and great preparations are made, but with the understanding that her feet are not to be bound. The mistress says, "I no likey my feet, me husbon no likey, me no want Al Low (servant girl's name) feet bound." "No, no!" say the lady, "we no bind."

The wedding festivities over at this end of the route, and she is completely covered with a large robe and taken to her future home to be presented to her husband by an old lady friend of the mistress. Returning, she tells us that, in spite of the girl's protestations, she has to submit to having her feet bound. Her husband has two sisters and both have lily feet, and his wife must be as much of a lady as they. We have taught this girl as well as her mistress, and have seen so much of the inside living of them all, we have learned to love them very much. So you can plainly see why we are weeping to-day, though we were happy a few weeks ago, thinking this dear girl was going to fall into a good young man's hands instead of an old man with other wives, as many have. Pray for us that we may not be discouraged, but ever remember the all-seeing eye understood it from the beginning.

ELIZA WILLISIE.

The Traffic in Women

SO profoundly stirred is European opinion by the revelations made at the recent international congress in Paris for the suppression of the world-wide traffic in women, that another gathering of the sort, representing the leading countries, is to be held in Frankfort-on-the-Main next October. The chamberlain of the German Empress, Count Von Keller, has been placed at the head of a committee having the arrangements in charge. The original policy of reserve on the subject of the soul-traffic has been abandoned, as such reserve plays into the hands of the agents of this commerce, who are well organized, have large financial resources, and have built up a system of perfect adaptability to their ends. Every avenue of publicity is now sought by the antagonists of the traffic, who consider the present popular ignorance on the subject one of the weapons of the enemy. Says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"The traffic in maidens is nowadays as well organized as was in a former period the trade in negro slaves. It has its exchanges, bureaus of distribution, agents, and price-lists. In the latter the quotations vary according to the country of origin. Only the Jewish article remains at a uniformly high price. It is almost an ironical compensation for the hatred with which the Jew is everywhere pursued that the Jewish maiden is invariably given the preference in every human traffic mart. This circumstance has led the rabbis, of Berlin, Rome, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hamburg, and Vienna to address periodical warnings to their people since 1898, in which the facts are brought to their attention, and all persons suspected of complicity in the infamy are recommended as subjects of a rigid boycott."

The charge is made with circumstantiality and detail that the Camorra of Naples, "the Italian Taffman Hall," has furthered the traffic in many ways. Cities in the United States form important way-stations of the trade. Our authority proceeds:

"In South America matters are at their worst. The go-between, who takes over a party of 'servants,' loses no time during the trip across. He ingratiates himself with the most attractive, who may be planning to join their relatives, and hoodwinks them into landing at Montevideo when their destination is Argentine, or the reverse. Thus they are in his power."



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

ONE month more remains in which to make your offering, this fiscal year, to the work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. We are glad to state that there seems to be a very general increase of offerings to its work this year, — not a large increase, but enough to indicate a growing interest in it, and confidence in the management of the Society. It now looks as though the indebtedness, March 31st, will not exceed \$30,000, and it is possible that it will be less. What an inspiration it would be, if, by liberal giving, no debt should be reported! Let us pray and give that this may be so!

GREAT things are planned for advance work in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Mexico. A generous friend of the Society provides the money for the acquisition of excellent mission premises in San Juan, Porto Rico, and in Puerto Principi, Cuba; also in San Luis Potosi and Puebla, Mexico. How the souls of Brethren McCormick, Moseley, Wilson, and Sloan, as well as of other workers, will leap for joy at the good news for which they have long been waiting and praying!

WE want \$15,000 more for chapels and sites for five missions in Cuba and Porto Rico, in towns where our missionaries' labors are being greatly blessed. We know not where it will come from, but, somehow, we feel that God will put it into the heart of some of our people to have the privilege of sharing in the blessed work of the redemption of these peoples from their long spiritual thralldom.

BECAUSE you cannot give \$5,000 or \$1,000 do not withhold your gifts altogether for these large enterprises. It is mostly by smaller offerings that great things are done. Raindrops make rivulets, and combining rivulets make the river. And the fervent prayers that go with a small gift, representing self-sacrifice, may avail even more than large gifts easily made, with little prayer.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, in Boston, was an occasion of much interest. This Society has worked in most pleasant relations with the general Society in New York as auxiliary thereto, and has accomplished a noble work. We heartily congratulate the Society in having had for sixteen years so capable and so devoted a correspond-

ing secretary as Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, and for thirteen years so efficient a president as Mrs. Alice B. Coleman. Others also are entitled to honor for their service. Massachusetts women in 1802 started the organized home mission ball a-rolling, and ever since the women of New England have been royal helpers in this field.

IN New York City, at the rooms of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, on February 3d and 4th, an important conference was held between representatives of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society of Boston, the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society of Chicago, and the general Society of New York, on the subject of the consolidation of these organizations, so that the work done by three societies shall be done by one. Naturally, there were differences of opinion as to the best thing to be done and the best ways of doing it, but the discussions were very informing and were conducted in an excellent spirit throughout. A plan of consolidation which was discussed, was referred to the boards of the several societies for their consideration, and provision was made for a future conference if necessary and if deemed best. The fundamental question is: What is the ideal arrangement? What others did twenty-five years ago may have been the best then, but is not binding on us to-day. We should go as God gives us light, and if a better way is disclosed, we are bound in love and loyalty to Him to go therein.

REV. E. P. FARNHAM, D. D., of Salem, Mass., has been elected as superintendent of missions for the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, and all the rest of Long Island, under a cooperative plan of work between the Home Mission Society, the Brooklyn Baptist Church Extension Society, and the Long Island Association. For many years there has been no superintendent for this great field. Its development in population is likely to be greater than that of almost any other city, as a result in part of the construction of two more immense suspension bridges over the East River and two railway tunnels beneath it. There is rejoicing that Mr. Farnham is to take the direction of the work at this time.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the serious illness of Dr. Malcom McVicar, who, under his physician's orders, has been compelled to desist from all work for the present. He is at Pinchurst, N. C., with Mrs. McVicar, where it is hoped he will recover from his nervous prostration

The Foreigner Afar and Near By

FOREIGNERS may possess the blue blood of an ancient ancestry, as is true of the Italians who are descendants of the famous Romans, but they are not inspired with the liberal ideas of the Yankees' civilization, hence their designation. They need to be Americanized, and what is of profounder import to the Church of God, most of them sadly need the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some of them are earnest Christians of a pure faith, other some are pagan and irreligious, but most of them are members of state churches, English, Greek, Lutheran, Gregorian, and Roman Catholic, who, while holding much of divine truth, fail to bring many of their adherents into living relation with the Saviour; and of these, tens of thousands, on coming to this country, cast off all ecclesiastical allegiance, and become avowed infidels. The distressing formalism, superstition, irreligion, paganism, and even infidelity of the foreign population, ought to be a trumpet call to give them the gospel.

We look at the foreigner in heathen lands through the eyes of imagination, and unconsciously eliminate his vices and emphasize his immortal worth, and for these reasons he makes a strong appeal to our sympathy. We look at the foreigner in our home land through the eyes of the body, and seeing his filth, ignorance, vices, and irreligion, unconsciously emphasize his general worthlessness, and for these reasons the foreigner against whom we jostle in our streets makes a weak appeal to our sympathy. Our interest in the foreigner decreases in proportion to our nearness to him, increases in proportion to our distance from him, but surely we ought to be as truly interested in the salvation of John Chinaman in Fitchburg as in John Chinaman in Peking.

Orange, Mass.

REV. H. A. FREEMAN.

A Burned Bible

REV. P. N. CAYER, laboring among the French Canadians, of Waterville, Me., relates the story of a recent conversion, the direct result of reading the Bible. He writes: "This last quarter has been one of great rejoicing. Two adults were received into the membership of the church, one of the conversions being the most remarkable we have ever had here. A single lady, about forty years of age, was brought to Christ, her Saviour, in a wonderful way. She received as a gift, a copy of the Scriptures, and her conversion is a marvellous illustration of the power of that Word upon the human heart. She read it. Then thinking it would be a meritorious work to burn that book, threw it into the fire, — you can well imagine who advised her thus to destroy the Word of God, — but the Lord did not give her a moment of rest after what she herself calls "an awful deed." This happened about a year ago. In June last I united one of her sisters to a Protestant, in the bonds of holy matrimony. This sister became a Protestant, without becoming a church-member. This conversion worked Miss — up a little, but she was silent. To our great surprise, in October, she came of her own accord with her sister to the mission, and since then has not missed a meeting, the

first Sunday of December being received into the membership of the church. She is most firm in her new belief, enduring hardness as a good soldier. For instance, a few evenings ago, one of her Roman Catholic sisters turned her out of the house at ten o'clock, when it was ten, below zero, thus forcing her to walk two miles out into the country to her Protestant sister's home. May her conversion be the means of bringing many others to the saving knowledge of our Lord."

While Brother Cayer has the pleasure of extending the hand of fellowship to many, yet he has to bid a goodly number good-by and Godspeed. It is given to that church to gather members, but not to hold, the brethren whom he nurtures going forth to be a source of strength in other communities. He says: "Emigration is taking a few of our people away from our mission. We have six of our families in the American church; four members have gone to Mr. Therier's church in Montreal; two members in North Vassalboro; a family of nine with four church-members to Vassalboro; three members to Nashua, N. H., in Brother Leclair's mission; eight families have moved out in the country on farms, three and four miles from Waterville; two other members have moved to Newburyport, Mass. We have still fifty-four members. You see that our mission is a feeder of churches and missions."

French Canadians; Conversions



FAM rejoicing over souls saved during the last quarter. The Lord has blessed the work. Two precious ones have been "born again." One of these is a young woman with three children. She was brought up and educated in a French Roman Catholic convent. Some time ago she began to read a New Testament I had given her. She came to our services and I visited her with Brother Benoit. We read and prayed with her; now she has the light. She is ready to follow her Saviour in the baptismal waters. She is anxious for the salvation of her husband and friends.

The other was a young man who had led a very sinful life all along. A little over a year ago, his father and mother were converted at our French services. Their wish was that this son might also accept the Saviour. They often talked to him about it. About three months ago he was taken sick, and while by himself he asked for the Bible. He read it, then asked to see me. I visited him with Brother Benoit. We had long talks with him, and we prayed with him. He finally sought the Saviour, asked forgiveness for his many sins, and was accepted. He felt very happy after this. He asked to see his friends and told them of his new-found joy, saying he longed to be with Jesus, who had done so much for him. Three or four weeks after his conversion God called him to Himself. It made a deep impression on his friends, and we are hoping that some will follow his example and accept the Saviour.

Brother Benoit has been with me part of the time during the last quarter. We visited together, and were often pleased in finding some who seemed glad and interested to hear us and have us pray with them. On two occasions we were invited to go to a house where a number of Catholics were anxious to meet us to hear us talk about the Saviour. The second time we went, there were over twenty-five Catholics present, all eager to listen to us. We sang, read the Scripture, and offered prayer, which they all seemed to enjoy, while some remarked, "That is the right way. I like that way of praying." May the Lord bless the words spoken in His dear name on both these occasions, and bring some of these precious souls to Himself.

Yours in the Master's service,

F. A. PERRON, French Missionary.

The Rosh Hashanah



HE above title is two Hebrew words for New Year, or beginning of the year, the solemn Jewish holiday which has been celebrated this year on the second and third of October. On it they believe that God writes every Jewish name, either in the book of life or death. He decrees the future for the year, either riches or poverty, death by fire, or water, etc. This conception of the day causes them to pray very earnestly the whole day, to bring upon them a good year and not an evil one. Knowing that their sin is standing between God and their prayers, they try, by their deeds, to gain God's forgiveness. One of the New Year's features as observed by Orthodox Jews, which attracts great attention, is a peculiar ceremony which they perform in the afternoon of the first day. You can see crowds of Jews and Jewesses gathered on the piers and bridges of New York City, with prayer-books in their hands, reading certain prescribed petitions to God, in which they confess their sins and ask His pardon. Then they turn their pockets inside-out (being sure, of course, they contain no money) and shake the contents, crumbs or dust, into the water. Out of the many reasons for this ceremony, let two suffice: one is because of the verse, Micah 7: 19, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea;" the other is, to bespeak God's mercy upon them even as they have mercy on the fishes in the water to whom they throw the crumbs. — *The Chosen People*.

How Much to Pay for the Pitcher

IT is related that Andrew Fuller had once preached a characteristic sermon on the "Freeness of Salvation;" he was surprised to hear announced that a collection for missions was to be taken, but, cleverly reconciled the seeming incongruity by exclaiming: "Though the water of life is free, we must pay for the pitcher to carry it in."

As used in the above title, the word "pitcher" is intended to stand for the whole plan of gospel extension through the local church, district, State, home and foreign missions, publications and education.

Will not each Christian examine prayerfully the Bible, and engage heartily in the study, "How much to pay for the pitcher"? The factors in the calculation are: 1, God's ownership; 2, my stewardship; 3, measure of obligation; 4, motive for giving; 5, method of accounts; 6, results of withholding; 7, reward of liberality. — *Arthur D. Phelps*.

THE following somewhat startling statements are taken from the *Missionary Review* for August. The Christian must feel both disgust and indignation at the thought that the false doctrine of theosophy has secured not only tolerance but patronage in this land so long blessed with the true wisdom of God. Sometimes one is almost forced to fear that the day is coming when China, India, and the islands of the sea shall be sending Christian missionaries to this country to reclaim it to a knowledge of the holy gospel. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind."

"During a tour to the Pacific Coast, in March, April, and May, a visit to San Diego, California, revealed the fact that there is there a fearful state of things. The beautiful place is saturated with theosophy, which has settled down on a commanding point of land overlooking the sea, and is there creating the Buddhistic centre for America. They are said to have \$20,000,000 on deposit. Christians seem to have concluded to shut their mouths about this horrible modern monster which has come from India to propagate its species here. The apathy of professing Christians about it is appalling, and not a few seem to regard it as a great advantage to have the head centre of this Oriental abomination in the town! A very discerning friend told me that she had actually met not a few who not only do not recoil from the introduction of the worship of Buddha in this country, but openly uphold it! In Los Angeles, a wealthy woman has brought a Buddhist priest from the Chicago World's Fair Parliament of Religions, and in her own palatial house erected a shrine to Buddha for the worship of this heathen idol, and in her house many people gather weekly for this worship. One of the pastors says that all California is more or less saturated with this heathen cult, and this he gathers from personal observation as he travels over the land. We have never felt quite the shock and pain of coming into actual sight and touch of this loathsome Oriental abomination, and it may well awaken a spirit of earnest prayer." — *Selected*.

Prospect-places

"There must be Prospect-places in the long ascent of souls."

— F. W. H. Myers.

I THINK I have reached a Prospect-place
In my steep ascent to-day,
Where I look behind on the path I've trod,
And before, on my upward way,
The sun shines fair on the distance there,
And the onward road is spanned
By a bow of light, as with promise bright,
Revealed by an unseen Hand.

We cannot see, till we reach the height
Of some Prospect-place afar,
How even the path that our feet have trod,
How restful the shadows are:
How still is the peace our hearts within,
When the cares of life are hushed,
Nor how sure the rest within the breast,
To those whom its tumult hushed.

We cannot see till we stand and wait
How, though with noiseless feet,
Like angels following all the way,
Goodness and Mercy meet.
Until we pause for a little while,
We are slow to understand
How over all was the Father's smile,
The touch of His guiding Hand.

We are apt to murmur as, day by day,
We speed on our onward track,
How steep is the path, how toilsome the way,
Until, as we turn and look back,
We measure the distance we have passed,
By the Love that our steps attended,
And know we shall reach our Home at last,
By the same great care befriended.

The Message of the Crazy Quilt

FOR the heathen! The heathen, indeed! A nice thing to put in the missionary box!"

The sewing circle of the church at Camden Crossroads had met for its semi-monthly meeting. For more than an hour carriages had been driving up to the home of Deacon Cook, and now the ladies, a dozen or so, had gathered in the sitting-room and were hard at work.

Mrs. Hurd, in a corner of the settee, was busily engaged putting herring-bone stitches on a crazy-quilt patch of gray worsted and velvets. Deftly and contentedly she worked on until the eye of Melinda Sheffield stopped its roving about the room and rested in horrified astonishment upon the luckless patch. For one minute it held her gaze, and then her indignation poured forth.

'Twas an open secret that Melinda Sheffield had "no use for missions," but when she applied for membership in the circle the ladies wisely held their tongues, welcomed her to their number, and prayed daily for her conversion. So far their prayers had been unanswered, but, in faith, they still prayed on.

At the last meeting of the circle it had been decided to pack a missionary box, and among other things to be put in was a crazy quilt. Needless to say, Melinda was absent—had she been there the vote would not have been unanimous. She had frequently been in her neighbours' houses since the meeting, but, knowing her ideas and fearing her sharp tongue, they had wisely refrained from mentioning the fact, and one had even gone so far as to hide the patch under her apron when Melinda was seen coming cross-lots. To-day the secret was out, and Melinda's wrath knew no bounds.

"Pretty doin's," she hissed. "It's a pity some o' you women-folks hain't got somethin' ter do—a-sittin' there cuttin' up velvets and worsteds, and sewin' them together agin when you might be doin' somethin' useful. Hifalutin' notions some folks has. Better send them some thin's ye can touch—some soap and water, too—goodness knows they'll need it soon enough. Missions—crazy quilts—indeed!" She stopped for breath.

"Don't you suppose that missionaries care for pretty things, Miss Sheffield?"

It was the voice of Miss Osborne, the city visitor, of whom so much was being said. She was sitting in one corner of the room, almost hidden from view behind portly Mrs. Johnson in the big rocker.

Melinda's face flushed; not because of her views, oh, no, but because she had allowed herself to become ruffled in the presence of this visitor from the city. Melinda had heard of the young lady's arrival, and had lain awake half the night planning what dress she should wear and what pleasant speech she should make when presented to this young woman. Here she had met with disapproval, and she had not so much as been introduced! Why had Mrs. Johnson sat right there? Melinda would never have expressed herself so had she noticed Miss Osborne. But the deed was done, and Melinda shamefacedly went to work

darning some old stockings which she meant as her contribution to the mission barrel. The stockings never reached their intended destination. Miss Osborne saw to that.

Night had settled down on the town of Miner's Hope—the night—physical and spiritual. It was a hard field,—that one—filled with godless men, and the women—God pity them—disgraced the name of woman. The midnight brawls, the occasional shootings, to say nothing of the highway robberies, had become the talk of the country for miles around, and luckless indeed was the man who attempted a night's lodging there—were that lodging not at the parsonage.

A parsonage? Yes—it was the one bright spot in the town. Simple and humble it was, but neatness itself distinguished it from all others. Pastor Wentworth had been sent there by the Home Mission Society a year before, and a hopeless task he seemed to have undertaken. From a life of refinement in the East he had come, bringing his wife and little one with him. He had won the hearts of the men by his frank, open manner, and in their rough, uncouth fashion the men admired their preacher; but as far as impressing them with their soul's need had been concerned, he had apparently made a sad failure. He had preached to them, talked to them, worked with them, visited their sick, given his last cent to help them, but without success. Winter was coming on. The needs of his home were great. How he was to supply them he had no idea. Elijah-like, he was sorely tempted to call upon the Lord, and "request for himself that he (and his) might die."

In this mood he sat before the fire alone one evening late in November. His wife was putting the little one to bed, and praying over it "as only a mother can pray." She, too, knew the needs of their lives, and that only One could supply them.

Leaving her sleeping babe, she entered their little sitting-room for her evening talk with her husband. So quietly had she entered, so deep was his reverie, he took no notice of her. For a moment she stood and took in the whole sorrowful picture—and what is more sorrowful to a woman's loving heart than the sight of a tired, weary, discouraged man?

How young and strong he had looked when they came there but a year before! how straight he had stood! how proudly he had borne himself! how full of hope he was! Could it be possible the man before her was the same? How old he was getting to look! his hair was fast turning gray; how stooped his shoulders were! how deep the wrinkles were growing over his forehead! and though his eyes were shaded by his hand just now, she knew that they had lost that bright, ambitious light, and even now were doubtless dimmed with tears.

Crossing the room she stole up quietly behind him, and slipping her arm around his neck, gently drew his head down upon her shoulder, and with her other warm little hand gently smoothed the wrinkled brow, whispering, "Richard, dear, I wish you wouldn't take it so hard. Am I not here to help you? You know how much I want to. You are doing all you can, dear, and remember God said,

"Well done, good and faithful servant!"—surely that is you, Richard."

"Yes, yes, little wife, it's true. What a messenger of hope you are! Now if I only knew that the folks at the home church were bearing us up in their prayers I believe I could take heart again, 'forgetting those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before.'"

A loud knock interrupted their talk, and, hastening to open the door, they found "Big Jim" and "Reddy Long" with a barrel in a wheelbarrow.

"Say, parson, this 'yere just arriv' on de freight, and we thought we'd bring it down."

With this information they rolled the barrel into the room and hurried off. Pastor Wentworth and his wife looked at one another questioningly, but there was the address plainly written:

"Rev. Richard Wentworth,

"Miner's Hope, Col."

So it must be for them.

As quickly as a hammer could be found the barrel was opened, and a letter just inside explained it all. It was from the dear church at home, telling all the home news, and closed by saying, "This isn't like most missionary boxes—everything is 'spick and span' new. We are all praying for you and your wife daily. May God abundantly bless you."

They read it over together—smiling through their tears,—and then began the unpacking. As eager as two children they were, and as each new article came to light, there were happy exclamations from one or the other:

"How could they have known we needed that?"

Not only necessities, but luxuries were there; but nothing pleased the generous soul of the minister's wife more than the crazy quilt.

"It's just the thing for Martha Judson," she exclaimed. "She needs a good warm covering, and I think these bright colors and pretty designs will attract her attention if anything will. I'll take it down to-morrow."

"Why, child, the folks probably meant that for your spare room, and here you are planning to give it away."

"I'll give me more pleasure to do that, and they'll be satisfied she answered, laughingly.

The unpacking over, they joined in evening prayer. Gladly and praisefully the wife read the 103d psalm, interrupted only by her husband's heartfelt "Amen," and then what a prayer he offered!—a prayer of thanksgiving for past mercies, a prayer of pleading for greater faithfulness, and courage, and success, if the Lord will, in their work in coming days.

"That crazy quilt proved a greater blessing than anything else. There is a woman in this place, Martha Judson by name, who has been very sick for a long time. She took no interest in anything, and the doctor said that unless something could be done to rouse her, he could do nothing. She didn't care to live, and he could make little headway. She has been one of the worst women of the town—godless to an extent that would shock you all. When well and strong she was the leader of all sorts of wickedness. Her

home is a poor sort of hovel—untidy and unkempt. I have been going there every day and helping all I could. I finally succeeded in getting some one to stay with her. Such help is very scarce. I thought of taking her to the parsonage, but she protested loud and bitterly, she 'wouldn't stay a minute in a preacher's house.' I could have made her so much more comfortable—her house is so desolate—but she wouldn't come. She needed bedding very badly, so when the barrel came I took several things, the crazy quilt among them. I thought the latter would serve for amusement as well as warmth. She glared at me as I changed the bed and put the new things on. I feared there was trouble in store for me, but when I got her into bed again, and spread that quilt over all, I wish you could have seen the change that came over her. She asked me to prop her up—which I did. She looked at one patch after another and ran her poor, thin fingers over the fancy stitches. Her face was working curiously, and I saw the tears begin to gather in her eyes. I walked over to the bed and she motioned to me to sit beside her. Then with tears streaming down her cheeks she told me her life story, and a pitiful one it was, too. It seems she had not seen a crazy quilt like that since she left her mother's home years ago, and it brought back many tender memories as well as terrible ones. She had done much thinking in those few minutes, and with a heart well nigh broken she begged to know if my Jesus—'The one the parson tried so often to tell me about, but I wouldn't listen'—would forgive such a sinner as she was. I quoted many Scripture promises to her, and had the great joy of hearing her say:

"Dear Jesus, I'm an awful sinner, but I want to be forgiven; take me and do with me what you will. Amen."

"She is gaining day by day, and I believe the Lord will spare her to us as a great witness for his cause.

"The news of her conversion spread through the town like fire, for she is a noted character, and many hearts seemed touched. Husband is holding highly services with splendid results, the cloud of sin and darkness is surely breaking and our hearts are overflowing with joy. Just to think how discouraged we were the night that barrel arrived! Surely the Lord put it into your hearts to send it. It did so much good—especially the crazy quilt. I tell Mr. Wentworth it started the revival!"

So, in part, ran Mrs. Wentworth's letter to the sewing circle of Camden Crossroads Church, read at their December meeting.

"Well," remarked Melinda Sheffield, "the Lord knew right enough—guess there ain't anything too good for mission barrels."

Miss Melinda Sheffield was converted at that meeting, and now the *best* she has goes into the yearly mission barrel.

LUCY G. WHITWELL.

Cleveland, Ohio.

SIMON PETER was worth ten Andrews, so far as we can gather from sacred history, and yet Andrew was instrumental in bringing him to Jesus. You may be deficient in talent and yet be the means of drawing to Christ one who will become eminent in grace and service.

—Spurgeon.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

What Will You Do?

WE are always grateful for glimpses received of Young People's Missionary Societies, and Christian Endeavor Societies at their work.

We have delighted to look upon the tall, dignified girls carrying themselves with an air that commands respect. The careful training of the present day has given them physical and intellectual development which are manifest in their bearing, and their very confidence and ease of manner, and the steady glance of their eyes, inspire us with hopefulness as to the great future toward which their faces are turned, and we believe it will bring the best of all good things to them and to ourselves. There are the joyous, fun-loving girls to whom life is one happy play-day, and its incidents like children's toys, pleasing for a little, and then tossed aside for others, — and the sweet, serious little maidens whom to see is to love and to covet for your very own.

And what shall we say of the boys and tall young men whom we have seen in the mission bands? Their welcome must certainly be assured to them, for who but they could so well pick up the stray spools of thread or balls of bright wool that stray around to make errands for willing feet and clumsy fingers? Who but they could so well interject the practical remarks that keep in check the effervescing spirits of the girls? Who better than they can contribute acceptable parts to the literary programmes which should precede or follow the work-time?

We have been thinking now of the fine programme we recently saw carried out by a Christian Endeavor Society according to a plan in which we have long believed if we would make our missionary magazines mean anything to us.

All our endeavors know that Sunday evening, January 25th, had as its topic "An Evening with Chinese Missions." HOME MISSION ECHOES of October, 1902, was the authority used, and a series of ten questions, finding their answers in various parts of the paper, brought out much valuable information as to the characteristics of this people, — their superstitions, idolatrous practices, the opinion that some form of our "Jesus-way" by looking at the representatives of the Christian religion, — the work that is done for them in mission stations and Christian schools. Varied with music recitations, and made matters of personal interest by the tender prayers offered by the members, the meeting was indeed profitable.

It is worthy of mention that scarcely a paper was seen in the hands of the young people. All the answers, some of them quite long, were given in a pleasant conversational style.

This method of making out a programme promotes intelligent study of the ECHOES. The *Home Mission Monthly* could also be used for reference. A helpful programme could be taken from the ECHOES of January, 1903, as follows: —

Question 1. What great celebration has recently been had by our missionaries of Porto Rico and the people of Ponce? (Ans. Page 8.)

2. What does the Rev. Mr. Murrow say of the doom that threatens the full-blood Indians of Indian Territory "who sit in their little homes with bowed heads and aching hearts?" (Page 10.)

3. What about the new home in the City of Mexico? (Page 5.)

4. Give an instance of the wrong-doing of a Kiowa woman and its result. (Page 6.)

5. What of the school at Santiago, Cuba, and, railroad-ing in that section? (Page 6.)

6. What is said of the "fuel problem" among the Navajos? (Page 4.)

7. Describe a preaching service at Lampazos, Mexico. (Page 9.)

8. What agency is greatly helping our French work in New England? (Page 11.)

9. Tell about Thanksgiving Day at Atoka (Page 7.)

10. What does a certain Indian medicine-man think of our Christian religion? (Page 13.)

[Ask the remaining members of the Band to select some items from schools or stations not mentioned in above questions, or let these items be distributed. Copies of ECHOES can be obtained from 510 Tremont Temple, Boston.]

11. For the support of how many missionaries and teachers is the Woman's Society responsible to the Board of the general Society? (Page 16.)

12. How great was the debt of the Society for general work in December, 1902? (Page 3.)

13. How great the debt for the Alaska work at same date? (Page 3.)

14. How will you answer the question asked of us all. "The facts have been laid before you. The officers at the rooms are carrying a heavy burden. *What will you do to relieve it?*" (Page 3.)

It has taken a long time to ask the question with which we headed our article. Can we not make a special offering in these days when we are celebrating the silver anniversary of our Woman's Society, or greatly increase our regular one?

We saw at the Boston silver anniversary the little new silk bag with twenty-five bright unused silver coins sent as a circle offering.

Dear young people, "What will you do?" We know of a mission band that is seriously asking this question. (We know of sacrifices that are being made that money may be sent. We know that certain true-hearted ones will not this winter wear the dainty trifles they had coveted for particular occasions, but they will be attired "in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price." We know of some who are saying prayerfully:

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

Are you, dear friend, one in whose heart and on whose lips these words may be found?

A. S. H.

Our Little folks

Which Way Is Right?

TWO little maidens, two little men.
All with a penny bright;
Who was the wisest, will you tell,
Who used the penny right?

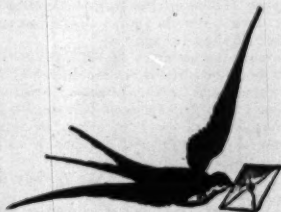
First little maiden, first little man,
Went to a candy store;
Each bought some candy and ate it up,
And the penny was no more.

Next little maiden, next little man,
Four other pennies earned,
And put them all in the mission box,
The best way they had learned.

Five little pennies to missions went,
Five little pennies bright,
To tell a story we all do love;
Which do you think were right?

Now little maidens, now little men,
When you've a penny bright,
Will you eat it up, or make it five,
And send it for your mite?

—Selected.



DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—As the topic for our paper this month is "Our Treasury," we give some messages which have been sent for ECHOES showing how the children have worked and earned money for missions.

The first is from the director of Junior work of the Old Colony Association, Massachusetts, Miss Jennie P. Steingard, who says:

"The little society of Kingston, Mass., was the first formed under my care two years ago. They have just celebrated their second anniversary, and I was presented with the written report of both years by Miss Chandler, their leader. I send them both. They were composed by girls from nine to eleven years of age, and I know you will agree with me that they understand the aim of a mission circle quite as much as many of our women."

We make extracts from the report of the first year by Gladys E. Merry.

Our superintendent, Miss Chandler, called on us about a year ago, and asked us to come to a social that was to be held in the vestry January 17, 1901. You can imagine we

all came without being coaxed, and stayed from four until eight. We do not dare to tell the amount of cake and sandwiches we ate, but anyway we are all alive and here to-night. Miss Steingard came from Whitman, and gave us a talk on 'Boats.' Then our superintendent asked us this serious question: 'How many want to set the Junior Society to going again?' Do you think we said no? Well, I guess not. Instead, we said we will stand by our superintendent and Junior Society and do our part. Then our superintendent said we would have our first meeting the next Sunday at four o'clock in this room.

"If you should have happened to have been on the street between three and four that afternoon, you probably would have wondered where all the Baptist children were going.

"Our first meeting was led by our superintendent, and well attended. Since then we have had a meeting every Sunday, rain or shine.

"After we had had a few meetings we found we really wanted a Junior Society, and so in February we had a social and an election of officers and committees. This was the time we had our oyster supper. Then we commenced work.

"The first thing we did was to earn some money for the missionary collection always taken in our church in February. We kept this a secret, and I think our pastor, Mr. Smith, was really surprised when he received our first offering, amounting to \$5.70."

The report goes on to speak of May-night merriment, a strawberry festival in June, at which \$6.32 was received, two lawn parties, and the earning in September of \$10.14 additional. Lookout, prayer-meeting, social, and flower committees have done their work, and monthly business meetings have been held. The report closes:

"We have tried to learn something about missions, and so we have had a missionary meeting the second Sunday of each month.

"We have raised \$34.76. More than half of this we have given to missions.

"This is a report of the greater part of the things we have done during the year, but it is not all we have done. All that is necessary to say is, we have had a great many pleasant times, and we have worked hard and tried to do our best."



THE second report is from Edna Sherman.

After greeting the people who had come to help the Juniors celebrate their second anniversary, the report says: "At our Thanksgiving meeting last year we talked about how we could do more next year, and decided to make our offering for missions larger. Of course you all understand we boys and girls have but one way of getting money, and that is to earn it. All our older members promised to give one dollar, and, as the time before February was short, we knew, in order to get the amount promised, we had got to commence Monday morning. One of our boys was so much in earnest that he tried to earn part of his on his way home from the Junior meeting that very Sunday afternoon. Of

course we, as Juniors, did not approve of this, but we were pleased to see how anxious he was to work. Most of our money was earned by selling candy and popcorn. Our superintendent, Miss Chandler, agreed to make us the candy and other sweets, and you may be sure we called on her every afternoon and evening for about three weeks. This candy we sold around the town, and we do feel that we kept the town of Kingston sweet for at least three weeks. When we earned all we could, we were all astonished to find we had \$17 for missions.

"We had a social in May in benefit of the church, and made \$8.10.

"We held, besides the social, a strawberry festival and two lawn parties. We had the good luck to pick out stormy nights for lawn parties. About all we had above our expenses was a good time. But we are not as wise as Solomon, nor are we weather prophets, so we had to pick out our dates, and have our lawn parties on the night decided.

"On Sunday evening, Sept. 21, 1902, we had a Mite Box Opening. The money in these boxes was earned without any help, and amounted to \$14. This was given to Home Missions.

"All this has been done with our regular work. We have studied missions, had our business meetings, and held our regular prayer-meeting every Sunday afternoon, rain or shine. Our meetings are well attended, and many of our Juniors are wearing pins for perfect attendance.

"In November our society was divided, and all those fourteen or over hold their meetings at six Sunday evening.

"We now have fourteen members left in the Junior division.

"We have raised \$44.77, given to missions \$32, and to the Baptist Society \$12.

"The year has passed quickly, and we have enjoyed the work. We have lost some members whom we have missed. Among them were Pearl and Graydon Smith. There are many other things which we could report, but it isn't necessary.

"We are striving to put our Junior Society ahead of all others, and to be ranked as first among many."

Our Precious Jewels

WHEN we think, as we do this month especially, of our Treasury, we see in imagination the hands which are dropping into it their gifts.

There are the trembling ones of some dear old grandparents, the strong hands of fathers and mothers, of brothers and sisters who are fast growing up, and there are the tiny little hands of the babies and wee children of our New England homes. Precious jewels indeed are their owners, and we are glad our Woman's Society has nearly two hundred Life Members among them. We do not need to say that each baby boy or girl from one day old up to seven years may by the payment of ten cents per year become an *annual* member, and that by paying one dollar to our Treasury the children can become Life Members until they are seven years of age. We hope a great many Precious Jewels will be added this year. The dainty pic-

ture cards given with each year's membership and the certificate of Life Membership will be very much prized as the years go on.

We know this because the certificate we value most is the one that says at the age of six years we gave ten cents toward the Missionary Packet—*The Morning Star*. The annual fees must be given to the *circle treasurer*, while the dollar subscription only will be sent to Miss Davis, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, who will send the Life Membership certificates.



We are glad to give our readers a picture of our clerk, Mrs. Grace Coleman Lathrop, and her daughter, Miss Miriam Coleman Lathrop. Little Miriam is a member of our Precious Jewels Band, and we expect she will be an earnest missionary worker in years to come.

We have written a great deal in ECHOES since last spring of our visit to California. We thought then the orange and lemon groves and lovely flowers and magnolia avenues were the most beautiful things in the charming place called Riverside, but we have since learned about the band of seventy-five children, which is far the best of all the good things. A good time recently enjoyed by the Band may give suggestions to our collections of Precious Jewels. We read in *Life and Light*:

"Our party was literally a 'howling' success. There were several little babies, and each contributed its mite to the music. About seventy-five mothers and children responded to the invitation to come. After some playing of games by the children and comparing of babies by the mothers we settled down to the programme. There were some recitations and songs by the children; a helpful talk by a missionary; a song by one of our sweet singers; then the roll-call, which is a lengthy and important matter. There were ribbon badges for the Cradle Roll, and blue stars tied with white ribbon for the Light Bearers. Last came the refreshments,—also a matter of great moment,—consisting of cake, fruit punch and home-made candy. I think every one enjoyed the afternoon immensely, and the thing which always pleases me about these meetings is that the mothers who come to them are largely women who have very little part in the work of the church. Many, perhaps most, are not church-members at all. We feel now that the organization is on a firm foundation and will 'go' without much pushing."